

no. 2
43
THE

Batchelors *and* Maids

ANSWER

TO THE

FIFTEEN COMFORTS

OF

MATRIMONY.

BEING

Real Encouragements for all Single Persons of both Sexes to Marry as soon as ever they can get Wives and Husbands, in order to avoid the danger of leading Apes in Hell; with suitable Directions for that purpose.

Dedicated to Married Men and Women.

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

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in Black-Fryars, near the Water-side.



*The Batchelors and Maids Answer to the
Fifteen Comforts of Matrimoy.*

Answer to the First Mock Comfort.

BUT why shou'd Marriage render Man undone?
When nothing's like it underneath the Sun,
True Pleasures in the Marriage-Bed alone,
Real Joys without it never yet was known.
The Charming Bliss in Wedlock chiefly lies,
A Single Life all Honest Men despise,
What greater Comfort can on Earth be found,
When two True Hearts are both together Crown'd,
All other Pleasures are but Pains to this,
A Married Couple only, finds the Bliss.
The Frowns of Fate, and other Worldly Cares,
Are daily lessen'd by divided Shares.
The mutual Love of Man and Wife dispenses,
With all the Chances of dark Providence;
Nay, if in Prison he shou'd chance to lie,
A Loving Wife brings Comforts and Supply.
She pays him visits with Delight and Care,
And Loves him ne're the less for being there.

Answer to the Second Mock Comfort.

AND why shou'd not a Man adore his Wife,
Since She's the only Comfort of his Life,
A Gift presented by the Gods above,
A lively Emblem of the Charms of Love.
All ore Divine, a Heaven, here below
Man's Paradise, where Joys in Plenty flow.

No Shame, but Honour does bless'd Wedlock Crown,
 And ushers in both Glory and Renown.
 Sweet pretty Babes, the Product of each Charm,
 In Marriage-Bed protects us from all harm,
 Their Innocence like Lambs and Doves appear,
 Which make our Hearts and Minds quite void of Care,
 No Sorrow can lay hold of Man or Wife,
 Where Love and Virtue is the Rule of Life.

Answer to the Third mock Comfort.

OH! Monstrous Man, nay Beast, (I almost said)
 What cursed Thoughts are got into thy Head?
 To rail at those to whom thy Life is due,
 No Mortal yet durst be so vile as you?
 If whipping Joan was here alive and stout,
 You do deserve to be well whip'd about.
 Ten thousand lashes shall adorn thy Bumb,
 If ever such a whipping Lads should come.
 'Tis strange a Woman shou'd be so envy'd,
 Not only mock'd, but shamefully bely'd.
 With bawdy Gossips, and the Lord knows what,
 To Name a Child the Husband never got.
 You call him Fool, and yet that Title claim,
 And prove your self the Person you wou'd Name.
 You know it is a Woman's due by Birth,
 To Scold and Cry, next moment Joy and Mirth.
 One minute smile, the very next a Frown,
 Perhaps the next she knocks her Husband down,
 But what does this to hinder higher Charms?
 When Joys are fix'd between the Husband's Arms,
 Such transports are out of the reach of thought,
 'Tis only known where Wedlock Bonds are wrought.

Answer to the Fourth Mock Comfort.

THe Marriage-hater here is forc'd to own,
 The many Comforts which doth Wedlock Crown.
 But strives to mix it with such Cares and Toil,
 As if curs'd Malice cou'd such Blessings spoil.

Makes Charges frightful on that very score,
 As if Mankind should ne'er encrease no more;
 Nay, *Atheist*-like, he makes it ten times worse,
 And calls *God's Blessings* nothing but a Curse:
 Our Sons are Sots, and all our Daughters Whores,
 Because we keep the Woolf just from the Doors:
 Was ever Man so void of Sense and Shame,
 As thus against all Reason to exclaim?
 As if a Wife her Kindness to impart,
 Shou'd teaze her Husband as to break his Heart,
 This is such Stuff as ne'er was heard before,
 But hope the like again shall see no more.

Answer to the Fifth Mock Comfort.

I Here agree with this, my Rhiming Foe,
 And own 'tis Folly when the Case is so;
 For whatso'er the cunning Jilt pretend
 To her Old Husband, yet she'll have Her Friend;
 She'll coax the Dotard when his Bags are full,
 Yet even then graft *Horns* upon his Skull,
 Makes him a Beggar to enrich her Cull:
 She seems most fond, till she gets all the Pence,
 And then with Bag and Baggage marches thence;
 She leaves the Fool without one single Cross,
 To sit, lamenting for his fatal Loss.

Answer to the Sixth Mock Comfort.

But here I differ from the Poet's Thought,
 Who says, A Scold is even good for naught;
 For, like *Job's Wife*, she will Man's Patience try,
 And bring Repentance too, before he die:
 Then who'd live single, if a Scolding Wife
 Works such great Wonders in a Husband's Life?

Answer to the Seventh Mock Comfort.

NO modest Woman will disdain her Spouse,
 Because he seldom peeps into her House;

Since

Since Age and Sickness doth the Sport prevent,
 She'll exercise her Patience with Content :
 For where all's gone, the *Queen* must lose Her *Right*,
 So must a Wife the Pleasure of the Night.
 A Loving Woman, puts up those Defects,
 And gives her Husband Honour and Respect ;
 Like Pious *Sarah*, serve him like a *Lord* ;
 Obeys in all things, which do's Peace afford :
 Their Children too add Peasure to their Lives !
 Thus Men are Bless'd, who marry Virtuuous Wives.

Answer to the Eighth Mock Comfort.

WHY should not Females under Wedlock ties,
 Participate with what the Man Enjoys ?
 Man's Second-self must have her share in Mirth
 A Freedom, which is right to her by Birth :
 If *Fortune's* Bounty has encreased her Store,
 Her *Husband's* Love to her shou'd be the more ;
 No Cost or Care too much for such a Wife,
 Whose Virtuuous Charms adds Pleasure to the Life :
 Such *Comforts* on a married Life depend,
 There's nothing like a Loving Bosom-Friend.
 If *Husband's* Stock is wasted by mischance.
 A careful Wife will soon the same advance.

Answer to the Ninth Mock Comfort.

THE Man more often is the cause of Loss,
 By Drinking, Whoring or some Earthly Cross ;
 Then patient Wife, who yet must bear the Blame,
 And hide the cause of his notorious Shame ;
 And many times the Sons and Daughters too,
 Act just the same they see their Father do :
 And therefore if they chance to go astray,
 The Father pointed out the crooked way ;
 And yet the Crosses in a married Life
 Are all imputed to a Tender Wife :
 And notwithstanding all this knavish Art,
 It sooner breaks the *Wife's* than *Husband's* Heart.

Answer

Answer to the Tenth Mock Comfort.

I Wonder where this spiteful Author finds
 Such wanton Women, with such lustful Minds;
 Unless he speaks by knowledge of his own,
 Whose Lewdness is the Scandal of the Town;
 If so, he's not mistaken in his Mark,
 For Joan's as good as Lady in the Dark;
 But 'tis unjust to tax all Woman-kind,
 With Vices proper to one single mind.
 If some are bad, I only this shall say,
 I pity those that wed with such as they.

Answer to the Eleventh Mock Comfort.

THis by Experience, as I said before,
 You speak because you married such a Whore;
 The words themselves as plain, as plain can be
 Describe your self, that you are only He,
 The very Actions with your cheating Bride,
 In lustful Sport, when you lay by her side;
 How by degrees she did the Fool deceive
 With fained Blushes make you then believe
 Her Virgin Fort well fortify'd within,
 Free from Attacks of such a pleasing Sin:
 What e'er the Picture wants of being true,
 Is, that it looks not so deform'd as you.

Answer to the Twelfth Mock Comfort.

Tho' some are blindly led, and others run,
 And make both haste and speed to be undone;
 This alters not the Case in any wise,
 But that a Man sometimes may get a Prize.
 If some be wanton in obscure Nookes,
 And Ape the Saint, by framing modest Looks;
 Deceive the Husband, with her cunning Wiles,
 And cheat his Senses with her feigned smiles,
 These (I confess,) are hardships to be born,
 And worse to think the Fore-head tip'd with Horn.

(7)
But still good Wives, if any such there be,
Are real Comforts of a high Degree.

Answer to the Thirteenth Mock Comfort.

THe Lawyer's Wife is brought in for her share,
To recompence her Loving Husband's care.
As he by Bribeshath Honest Men undone,
She gives to Knaves, what he might call his own.
But Drugs and Poysons to a married Wife,
I cannot understand it for my Life.
For she that has a Husband need not fear,
But all Suspicion soon will disappear.
No matter where or when the Child was got,
It always falls unto the Husband's Lot.

Answer to the Fourteenth Mock Comfort.

TIS true, a Widow always knows the best,
To judge those Joys, which some do call a Jest.
And if her Second Mate prove weak and dull,
With Sorrow then be sure her Heart is full.
And who can blame her, if she makes Complaint,
For that sweet Comfort to supply her want.
Well may she grieve at such a Cross as this,
For that one Fault makes all things go amiss.
If Husband wants what Widows Nature crave
He'd better be condemn'd to be a Slave,
Or make the Raging Sea his Watry Grave.
But if she finds her Pleasures to encrease,
Oh! then (my Husband) *how we live in Peace.*
She's then all Charms, no Comforts here below,
Are like what she and her dear Spouse do know.

Answer to the Fifteenth Mock Comfort.

A Peevish Husband makes a peevish Wife,
And so brings Scandal on a Married Life.
No wonder then if Sicknes and Disease,
Brought on by Crosses, doth the Body seize.

All this is owing to a hair-brain'd Man,
 Whose base ill nature all the strife began.
 Then why shou'd Women thus be stil'd a Curse?
 When Man himself perhaps is ten times worse.
 Perhaps you'll say this is propostereous,
 In blaming others I my self expose.
 I Answer thus, If it was not for shame,
 I'd this same Minute quite disown the Name.
 For Men like you, their Names do sound no more,
 Than if you call'd an Honest Woman Whore.

FINIS.

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